

most people shun. By writing down what he thinks, a man overcomes the natural vanity of merely looking to the effect of his words on others. A man, to avoid faults and acquire the power of instructing, pleasing, and finally convincing, must undergo the discipline of training in Oratory.

Might I suggest to the Editor that the following be rules for such a Literary Society as it is proposed to start amongst us. Each member to bind herself to study a subject of her own choice during the *year*. She would let the Editor know what subject she had chosen. The Editor then to use her discretion in asking a member in turn to write (*a*) upon her subject, (*b*) her ideas on that subject, or any passage or paragraph in the books she has read which might be helpful to other members, (*c*) a list of the works used while studying her special subject. Any member would be also free to tell of any books she found interesting, with a word or so to indicate the matter, style, etc. of such.

I only write *year* in the above suggestions as one would *x* in an algebraical problem.

E. A. MAGILL.

THE WINDOW INTO THE WORLD.

PETER the Great built St. Petersburg that it might be his "window into the world," realizing the danger his people ran from crystallizing too much.

We teachers are sadly apt to crystallize and fossilize; beyond our teaching and our particular family concerns we lose touch with the world without. Some of us have no excuse, for we live in the throbbing centre of it, others hover wistfully at times upon its borders; but these are lonely outposts which are never stirred by its changes and chances, and for such as these I will try to raise up the columns of a mental St. Petersburg. Well, the world at present is focussed for long sight—we all live with three-quarters of our minds and souls in South Africa. How good it is for us! It drives people who say they "don't care for politics"—for a great many women most unhappily do not—to read the papers intelligently for the first time in their lives. But what comes home most

nearly to us is, how much, or how little, are we to excite the children's interest in it all? Personally, I should say, let them hear as much about it as possible; let them make an album of cuttings from the illustrated papers;—let the boys play over the battles with their soldiers, and let them keep a map and alter the flags themselves. It is a preparation for facing necessary horrors and the sterner side of life; altogether it is a grand and great opportunity of giving them real, living ideas of what "patriotism" means, not lip service, but hardships and risk and the sinking of personal relationships and interests. Of course there are dangers—a child is not at all given to "loving its enemy." A certain teacher was indiscreet enough to say something about Mr. Cronwright Schreiner, and his mission, to one of her pupils. Days after this latter burst out with "and as for that — — — (adjectives mostly strong!) man, let him go back to his own country and taste the sword!"

But the dangers are more than counterbalanced. Personally I know of a case in which the heroic ideas and examples given us in the last six months have gone far to convert a "cry-baby" into a little Briton. But we teachers are not only concerned with the present—we often have to go back and explain how it has arisen out of the past. To understand what South Africa has been through in the last forty years I strongly recommend every "Humble Plant" to read *The Life of Sir John Charles Molteno*. It is written with a strong personal bias and is very misleading on the subject of the Zulu War, but it does throw glimmers of light upon that involving chaos of darkness "Cape Politics." Another phase of thought altogether which was much exercising men's thoughts but lately was the Vaughan—St. John Mivart—controversy. Now, of course, we should probably none of us go the length which the men of science seemed to think necessary; but then, he was a deliberate pioneer and it was a test case. We, who have been blessed by a Scale How training, have been taught to look upon science as a revelation of God, and therefore from God, and the question at issue was not in which or what form we may apprehend certain dogmas, but whether "revelation" is final or progressive. If we believe in the evolution of man in body and mind (and possibly even spirit), surely we may believe that as man becomes more and more capable of apprehending truth, to

him more will be given. Let us look at what men have gained through science in the last fifty years and thankfully acknowledge that our great scientists are great prophets even if they sometimes doubt and question the source of their own inspirations.

To descend more completely to our own level, here are some questions over which we might pause a minute, for answers to them would help many a perplexed plant.

1. Ought we to train children to be ambidexter?
for example, the inevitable B.-P. and his left-hand sketches.
2. Why does every normal child love horses with such passion?

How many of the "Plants" read novels? To those who do and also those who do not, I recommend Miss Tower's new book, *The Farringdons*, not for any intrinsic merit of its own, but because in a certain "Fox How," and "the dear lady," I think we shall recognize something and somebody very dear to us.

The window into the world is, I fear, rather uninteresting this month. Forgive me, for my window is a temptation and a snare, being on the front of a certain fascinating watering-place, which shall be nameless, and the procession of humanity is trotting up and down, the fishing fleet is just putting out to sea, the moon and the electric light are squabbling over the bones of the dying day, and it is much easier to be interested than to be interesting.

Before "Peter" looks through the window again we shall most of us have been home for our spell of summer freedom. I was very much amused last week to meet an outsider, who comes from a town rich in students: "Oh, do you come from Ambleside? How lucky for you. I notice the Ambleside girls always look so plump and prosperous when they come home!" Whatever we may think and believe, it was intended for a genuine compliment!

In conclusion, "Peter" will be most grateful to receive, c/o the Editor, any suggestions of "Questions for Consideration" or subjects to comment upon—the wider the view from our window the better.

PETER.

EDITORIAL.

You will remember the suggestions which were sent to each one of you for your criticism, and which most of you answered. The proposal to have three numbers of the Magazine each year was unanimously agreed with, but Miss Flower writes to tell me that the state of our finances makes a third issue impossible for this year at least. We did not want to raise subscriptions, but we have to make a choice of evils. Will you all please let me know which of them you consider the lesser? If you are willing to pay a slightly increased subscription for a year or two, until the numbers of our Association, which should increase each year, becomes sufficiently large to pay its way at the old rate, please let me know; and send all manuscripts for the Autumn term number by October 15th. If all ex-students and present students who are not already members of the Association would join it and pay their subscriptions to Miss Flower we should probably be able to manage our three issues at once.

I must thank all the students who have helped me with suggestions. Many of you thought that extracts from Nature Note-books, flower lists for comparison, and new handicraft directions should be published. To this I quite agreed, and began at once to clear out cupboards and boxes in anticipation of the bales of manuscript which I thought would be forthcoming. But I found that most of you meant by your suggestions, not that you should send *your* notes, but that *other people* should send *theirs*. There are, it appears, only two or three of these "other people" in the Association, and to them we owe such nature and handicraft notes as appear. A few weeks ago, anyone passing a certain dark and muddy pool might have observed the Editor in search of material for the nature section of *L'Umile Pianta*, stirring up the depths thereof with a stick, and fishing out sundry objects with a net, while a crowd of interested urchins watched the whole process evidently under the impression that this was an entertainment got up for their especial benefit. I tried to